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# The Mountain Eagle.

Volume 2

Whitesburg, Letcher County, Kentucky, February 18, 1909.

Number 25

## READING

### For All the Household

#### Neglect of Home Duties

Many of our business men are tempted to neglect their home duties. How often it is that the store and home seem to clash, but there ought not to be any collision. It is often the case that the father is the mere treasurer of the family, a sort of agent to see that they have dry goods and groceries. The work of family government he does not touch. Once or twice in a year he calls the children up on a Sabbath afternoon when he has a half hour he does not exactly know what to do with, and in that half hour he disciplines the children and chides them and corrects their faults and gives them a great deal of good advice, and then wonders all the rest of the year that his children do not do better when they have the wonderful advantage of that semi-annual fastigation.

The family table, which ought to be the place for pleasant discussion and cheerfulness, often becomes the place of perilous expedition. If there be any blessing asked at all it is cut off at both ends with the hand on the carving knife. He counts on his fingers, making estimates in the interstices of the repast. The work done, the hat goes to the head and he starts down the street, and before the family has arisen from the table he has bound up another bundle of goods and says to the customer, "anything more I can do for you today, sir?" A man has more responsibilities than those which are discharged by putting competent instructors over his children and giving them a drawing master and a music teacher. The physical culture of the child will not be attended to unless the father looks to it. He must sometimes lose his dignity. He must unlimber his joints. He must sometimes lead them out to their sports, forget the severe duties of life sometimes, to fly the kite, and trundle the hoop, and chase the ball and jump the rope with his children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness. If you want to keep your children away from places of sin, you can only do it by making your home attractive. You may preach sermons and advocate reforms and denounce wickedness, and yet your children will be captivated by the glittering saloon of sin unless you can make your home a brighter place than any other place on earth to them. Oh, gather all charms into your house! If you can afford it bring books and pictures and cheerful entertainments to the household. But above all, teach those children, not by half an hour twice a year on the Sabbath day, but day after day and every day teach them that religion is a great gladness, that it throws chains of gold about the neck, and it takes no spring from the foot, no blitheness from the heart, no sparkle from the eye, no ring from the laughter, but that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

without a few drops falling on one's self.

The ideal husband and ideal wife are purely creations of the brain.

Life is short but it is long enough for a man to lose his character.

A little change in the pocket is relished more than a decided change in the weather.

Nothing is more charming to see than a young girl, simple, natural, gentle, refined, unaffected and polished in mind and manner. Children should be early taught politeness; not politeness and manners to put on the best dress. True politeness is that which springs from a nice mind and a kind heart, which refuses to wound others by acts of discourtesy. True politeness is rare and more valuable, perhaps, than is often imagined.

Of course we love our own best. Then why not show it? Why be affable and courteous to everyone except those to whom we owe the most? It is often owing to thoughtlessness and carelessness, but that makes it none the less criminal. Bickering and strife which goes on in many households is disgraceful, aside from the unhappiness it causes. There are many ladies and gentlemen outwardly polished and agreeable, the favorites of society and the life of all social gatherings they attend, who indulge in manners at home that would disgrace a savage. They seem perfectly transformed. Company manners are at most but a very thin veneer, the true nature is apt to come to the surface and the keen observer soon detects the sham.

The Beauty of Plain Living

We love to see people live well, and to dress respectfully, and to enjoy themselves, but there is a happy mean in all these things, and when that is passed in the direction of extravagance, the people distress and enslave themselves and diminish their ability to do good. For the sake of keeping up the styles, people live far above their income, harass themselves with debt, wear themselves out, and keep themselves in a constant nervous strain by giving fashionable dinners, fashionably entertaining and making fashionable calls. How much better is a plain, quiet Christian home, where all is peace and cordiality, the neighbors heartily welcome to come and go at will, and freed from the pestering, senseless conventionalities of fashionable life! Why should our earthly life, which at best cannot continue a hundred years, be fretted and burdened and worn out prematurely by vain efforts to ape the manners of the idle, irreligious, self-seeking, rich devotee of pleasure? God has put us in the world for a nobler purpose than this, and those do well who strive to place His service above all else.

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another

#### Potter's Fork

H. W. Holcomb is building a new store-house.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Martin visited friends here.

Owing to sickness school closed some time ago.

We are proud to see among the candidates Prof. Geo. W. Jenkins for Superintendent of Schools. We desire to say to the public that in our opinion no man is better qualified for this office than Mr. Jenkins. He is a man of ability and character, fully deserving any support given him. If we place Prof. Jenkins into this office we feel that four years of elevation of schools will follow. Let's get busy! What we desire is the selection of a man who looks forward to the advancement of my child and your child. We must not vote against a man, even if we despise him, if he is best fitted to serve the whole county. Lay aside prejudice and carefully study over the matter and we feel safe in saying that Prof. Jenkins will be your choice.

Foxie Grandpa.

#### Sad, Indeed.

Banks, Feb. 10.

This morning a message came over the phone that Jesse S. Holbrook was dead. What sad news to us that our dear father was dead! No more can we watch for him, no more can I meet him at the door and see that familiar hand stretched to meet mine, no more can I hear the kind words he has spoken to me! How can I ever go there any more! He always met me at the gate and welcomed me in. Dear father! Never can we meet him on earth any more, but I hope to meet him in heaven.

Rachel P. Holbrook.

#### MY HAPPY LITTLE HOME IN ARKANSAS

'Tis the prettiest little cottage, Where the grass is ever green, And the streams from the Boston mountains flow;

Where the mocking bird doth sing Till the woods with music ring, My happy little home in Arkansas.

#### CHORUS

Come and see us, neighbors, come along,

We'll be there to greet you, one and all;

'Tis the finest country found,

We'll show you all around,

At my happy little home in Arkansas.

We'll go out into the orchard, Where fruit is on the trees; The land where the premium apple grows;

They are luscious, mellow, sweet,

You may have all you can eat,

At my happy little home in Arkansas.

We'll go hunting in the mountain And go bathing in the spring; Go and see the big plantations down below;

Show you cotton and the cane,

Show you every kind of grain,

At my happy little home in Arkansas.

—(Selected by Stella Fairchild, Green Forest, Ark.)

#### Pound, Va.

Jack Sturgill has been on the sick list.

The infant of Sarah Shorts died recently.

Most of the school have closed and some nice entertainments are reported.

The stork visited quite a number of homes recently, the latest being a fine boy at Daniel Stidham's.

Marsals raided on Pound and arrested Charlie Justice. Also a few days ago they arrested Lee Church.

Thurston Hubbard is now about recovered from the injuries received in the mill explosion and walks without crutches.

The Courier lumber corporation closed a deal with the Virginia Coal & Iron Co. acquiring all the timber lands in the south of the Cumberland mountains comprising about 20,000 acres. Getting out this timber will give employment to many of our people for several years. The company will build a dummy line up Pound river to head of river near Flat Gap. As they have already paid for the right of way some of our citizens are feeling quite gay with fat purses.

Pedagogue.

#### Goodloe, Mo.

Kentucky Settlement.

I. W. Fields is "puny" with rheumatism.

There is a big baby girl at the home of Wade Kelly.

Since the blizzard is all off it looks like spring is here.

Dike Eldridge has been down with rheumatism all winter.

Granville Combs and wife were town buying presents for their grandchildren.

Henry Sloane is doing a good business with his wagon yard and feed barn.

Willie Hall will soon have his new residence completed. He has a new girl at his home.

Sam Day's wife, daughter of Granville Combs, is low with consumption. They also have a sick baby.

Mrs. Rebecca Lewis, daughter of the late Henry Day, is very low with consumption. Her baby is also sick.

Elds. B. F. Hall, Henry Sloane, Silas Maggard, L. W. Fields and others held some fine meetings on Kentucky Hollow.

May the Eagle's wings grow larger and its screams louder, is the wish of your

Kentucky Correspondent.

#### Why Is a Hen?

One hen, frightened at an automobile, rose to fly over and dropped an egg in it, that was a mislaid egg. Another hen, sitting in a tree under which a congregation was worshipping, laid an egg on the preacher's head, that was egging the preacher. Another hen lays in a load of coal every day for a friend of ours, that is a veritable coal mine. We have fed our hens \$13.98 worth of "vittles" and not an egg, not even a cackle, in sight. We shall now try an automobile, and if that fails, proceed along the line of scientific investigation indicated.

#### Is it Lucky?

"I can't understand why so many people look upon Friday as the unluckiest day of the week."

"Why, do you consider it lucky?"

"It must be. Few people get married on that day."

## BOOMING

### IS ASHLAND, KENTUCKY

Ashland, Ky., Feb. 7.

Editor Eagle.

While the earth is being wrapped in featherly whiteness and all is so quiet in this busy, bustling place, I thought I would send a few words back to my

against a boulder that would knock all the religion one had out of him. Only those who have seen good roads know how badly they are needed in the mountains. I can think of nothing that is more necessary to the improvement and development of a county than good roads and I hope, Mr. Editor, that you will urge your county officials, those who have the matter in control, to do something. Here is a point for them to consider: Good church houses and good school houses, neat residences, etc., are worthless or lose their importance while they are inaccessible on account of bad roads.

Ashland is a city—an eye-opener of a town—everything modern is here; good schools, churches, factories of all kinds, furnaces in full blast and a thousand other things I could mention. It is wonderful to see the roads here. When I go out for a drive I hardly know how to do, I was so used to jogging into a bottomless mud-hole or running up

#### The Job

Editing a newspaper is a wonderfully nice thing. If we publish jokes, people say we are inclined to the ridiculous; if we don't, we are sanctimonious. If we publish mostly original matter they say we are self-worshippers; if we don't, they say we are too lazy to turn our mental crank. If we do not go to church we are heathens; if we do they say we are hypocrites. If we remain in the office, they say we ought to get out and hustle; if we go out we are not tending to our business. If we wear old clothes, they say, "you are going to the dogs;" if we wear good clothes, they snicker and sneer at us. Now, what are we to do? The next thing someone will say we we stole the above thoughts from an exchange. And, to tell the truth, we did.

#### Strained Honey

It is said a girl in the city recently sold a box full of love letters to a rag man with a lot of old rags. Looking over his purchases later the man discovered that he had purchased a good thing. He boiled those letters down and sold the product for strained honey and realized a good profit.

#### TO FATHER TIME.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight!  
Give us an autoless day and a night.  
Give us a "yellow," sans headlines to scan,  
A rustleless skirt, and a hustleless man,  
A babe teddy-bearless, a microbeless kiss,  
A fistic fight fakeless, a straight-frontless miss,  
A giggleless schoolgirl, and—better than that!—  
A summer-clad college man wearing a hat!  
I knew, Father Time, that I am asking too much,  
But turn to a day ere a dinner was lunch.  
Swing back to an age peroxideless for hair—  
An won ere "rats" made their rendezvous there—  
A old fashioned breakfast without Shredded Hay,  
A season when farmers went whineless a day,  
A burg moving-pictureless—ah, what a treat!  
A gumless-girl town and a trolleyless street:  
I'm asking too much, but I pray, Daddy Time,  
For days when a song had both substance and rhyme!

—THE BOHEMIAN.

NOVEMBER ELECTION 1909  
For Circuit Court Clerk—Wilson C. Mullins.  
For Jailer—Hiram Williams.  
For Assessor—Arnott Mitchell.

NOTE—When the ballot for the primary is made up your names will go on it for the various offices as above, alphabetical order. No devices are to be allowed on the ballot, so we are informed.

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another

## THE MOUNTAIN EAGLE

N. M. WEBB.....Editor and Owner.  
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The Eagle Covers Letcher County  
Like the Blue Canopy.

THURSDAY, - FEB. 18, 1909

Local Notices will be charged for at the rate of five cents per line for first insertion and three cents a line for each succeeding insertion.

### EDITORIAL.

#### A GOOD MAN.

In the death of Jesse S. Holbrook, of Millstone, the whole country suffered a severe blow. Such men, living such a life as he lived, are a blessing to the country. Around them radiate examples that can but live in the hearts of their children and their generation. Proud, brave, truthful, firm in Christian faith, such a man was an ornament to his children, his neighbors, and an honor to God. We may not soon see his like again, but may others rugged in truth and righteousness grow up as firm as he and live the example he left. It was always a pleasure to meet Jesse S. Holbrook, for you knew that what he said to you was the truth. If a friend, he was always that in its fullest meaning. A good man is gone, and the Eagle drops a tear at his demise. May God comfort and heaven bless the great host of bereaved friends.

#### PRIMARY RULES.

To say the least, the rules as adopted by the Republican County Committee, as we see it, are very commendable. They, the rules, are jumps in the right direction and the would-be official who quibbles and quibbles and cannot subscribe to them may be poor material from which to hew a public servant. Everybody is willing to confess on the slightest provocation that it is wrong to stultify voters by the use of money or whisky, but on the pretext that the end justifies the means there are those, good men, too, who often indulge in these practices. There is nothing, in our estimation, that lowers the standard of the human family more and causes bold man to think less of his race than to see the "bread and butter brigade" or the "loaves and fishes" crowd that follows the candidate on or just before election day who has a good sized "wad" or a "long, black bottle." Sometimes it is enough to sicken Old and Young America, and the quicker our authorities put the brakes on these brigades the better it will be for all concerned. When these "breaks" are put on, then the poor, honest, qualified citizen will have an equal chance with the rich, honest, qualified citizen and not until then. President Roosevelt is a "boss" himself, and the "squeal" that we have heard ringing across the continent came from his having put the "brakes" on other "bosses," financially speaking and otherwise. Roosevelt is right. For a number of years we have been going at a break-neck speed toward the jumping off place and it is high time to call a halt. Therefore, gentlemen, "lay on, McDuff, and cursed be the man

who first cries enough!" Stick to your rules, first, last and all the time, and you will find that you have builded far wiser than you thought.

### Elbert Bentley

Elbert F. Bentley is a candidate for Assessor before the Republican primary. Elbert is a son of Martin Bentley, of Elkhorn, is a resident of Millstone precinct and son-in-law of Enoch A. Craft and is well connected every way. Last year Mr. Bentley lost his home and most of its contents by fire. We gladly put Mr. Bentley before the public, believing he will receive whatever he is entitled to in the coming contest.

#### The Road to Success

has many obstructions, but none so desperate as poor health. Success today demands health, but Electric Bitters is the greatest health builder the world has ever known. It compels perfect action of stomach, liver, kidney, bowels, purges and enriches the blood, and tones and invigorates the whole system. Vigorous body and keen brain follow their use. You can't afford to slight Electric Bitters if weak, run down or sickly. Only 50c, guaranteed by Whitesburg drugstore.

### Stephen Sergent

Stephen Sergent, of the Upper Rockhouse precinct, announces for Assessor before the primary. Mr. Sergent is a son of David Sergent, of the same precinct, and is a nice and intelligent man and well thought of in his neighborhood. He has never asked for office and never held one. His family have always been Republicans and supported that party. Mr. Sergent said for us to tell the people that he wanted the help of everybody. We put him before the voters and hope they will consider well his claims.

#### Night on Bald Mountain

On a lonely night Alex Benton of Fort Edward, N. Y., climbed Bald Mountain to the home of a neighbor, tortured by asthma, bent on curing him with Dr King's New Discovery, that had cured himself of asthma. This wonderful medicine soon relieved and quickly cured his neighbor. Later it cured his son's wife of a severe lung trouble. Millions believe its the greatest throat and lung cure on earth. Coughs, colds, croup, hemorrhages and sore lungs are surely cured by it. Best for hay fever, grip and whooping cough. 50c and \$1: Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Whitesburg drug store.

### William Breeding

The Eagle announces William Breeding as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Letcher county in the April primary. Mr. Breeding is a resident of Upper Rockhouse precinct, is a son of Little Wesley Breeding, and belongs to one of our best families. Four years ago he was a candidate before the Republican primary for Jailer and was defeated by about twenty votes. At least thirty of his friends in his own precinct failed to vote for want of time. We put him forth and believe his friends will do by him as they think he is entitled.

### Jesse Day

We announce ex-Judge J. C. Day a candidate for Justice of the Peace in district No. 1 before the April primary. We suppose that most everyone in the precinct already knows Mr. Day. He has served four years as Magistrate and as far as we know made a good one. Jesse Day is a son of the late Pres. Day, who was killed many years ago, and was therefore raised an orphan by his grandfather, Jas. W. Logg, whom everybody knows. We place him before the voters and ask that his claims be considered.

### New Keeper

We are informed that Hugh Combs, our efficient barber, has been appointed keeper of the Bullhead. Conveyances can be had of John Tolson after April 16th.

Yours truly,  
Hugh Combs,  
Potter's Fork, Ky.

# Horrible Fratricide

## Spencer Banks Killed by His Brother, Harrison Banks, on Montgomery.

### PARTICULARS IN FULL

### SERGEANT SAYINGS.

Edward Polly is very low with typhoid.

Farmers are discouraged with the unfavorable weather conditions.

Eld. Joseph Craft is teaching a class in vocal music on Millstone.

Elbert Bentley, of Millstone, candidate for Assessor, passed through here.

Eld. Joseph Hall, of the Primitive Baptist church, preached to interested audiences Saturday and Sunday at Fairview,

Mr. Immell, the log man, has returned from Lexington with two fine large mules to be used in hauling logs to the depot.

N. R. Craft, candidate for the Legislature, returned from Clay county and says nearly everybody's for him down there.

Romeo.

### Mrs. Polly Brown Dead

Last Friday the conquering angel Death visited the home of Wm. Brown, of Dry Fork, and took away his mother, Mrs. Polly Brown. Aunt Polly would soon have been 80 years old and had always lived an upright and exemplary life. She had been a member of the Regular Baptist church for many years. Her son, Martin, who lives in Missouri and had not seen her in ten years, visited her before her death and was with her when the end came. Mrs. Brown was a Blair before her marriage and leaves a large generation to mourn her death.

Great regret is expressed in the county over the unfortunate affair. The brothers belong to an excellent family and married, each having a moderate sized family of children. Their father was the late Elijah Banks, who died something over a year ago.

Harrison Banks married Ette Stamper, a daughter of Aunt Susan Stamper, of Kings creek, whom many of our readers know. Spencer Banks married a daughter of Hezekiah Branson, a good citizen of the Lower Rockhouse section.

At the time of the trouble Harrison Banks was very much under the influence of whiskey which no doubt was the cause of whole trouble. No one seems to have been present except the brothers and Harrison Banks' wife and it is said that she was so badly hurt and excited that she knows but little about the affair. She is said to have been badly hurt about the head.

It is stated that Spencer Banks before his death refused to make a statement as to just how the affair came about.

#### A Letter.

Dear Editor: I will write a few words again for the Eagle. I am a little girl ten years old and don't get to go to school very much. We live so far away my Papa won't let me go. Would like to go to school all the time. My grandpa and grandma are ill this week.

W. M. Hughes will announce for constable soon in the Eagle.

Yours truly,  
Nannie Hughes,  
Oven Fork, Ky.

### Sheriff's Sale

By virtue of execution directed to me which issued from the clerk's office of Letcher Circuit Court in favor of Commonwealth of Kentucky against W. B. Bentley and John Bentley, 1 or one of my deputies will on March 1, 1909, between the hours of 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. at the courthouse door in Whitesburg, Letcher county, Ky., expose to public sale to the highest bidder the following property or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy plaintiff's debt, interest and costs, to wit: A certain parcel or tract of land lying in the state of Kentucky and county of Letcher, on Boone creek, a tributary of north fork of Kentucky river, beginning in road straight with cross fence that was a condition line between W. B. Bentley and Thos Hall, thence up with fence to top of the ridge, thence up said ridge to a line between W. B. Bentley and Arch Meade, thence down with said road to the beginning containing about 50 acres; amount of debt \$67; levied on as the property of W. B. Bentley. Terms, sale will be made for cash in hand.

Witness my hand this Jan. 27, 1909.

C. C. Crawford, S. L. C.

By R. E. Venters, D. S.

#### Deafness Cannot be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of deafness, caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all druggists,  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

#### A Hurry Up Call

Quick! Mr. Druggist, quick! A box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Here's a quarter, For the love or Moses, hurry! Baby's burned himself terribly; Jehnnie cut his foot with the axe; Mamie's scalded; Pa can't work from piles; Billie has boils, and my corns ache. She got it and soon cured all the family. Its the greatest healer on earth. Sold at Whitesburg drug store.

### THE MAN WHO

Pulled Teeth With His Fingers and Introduced

Brownling's Tonic Laxative Tablets and Antiseptic Healing Balm, the two medicines sold here in Whitesburg on the streets during Circuit Court, are now for sale at Whitesburg Drug Store. Many of the leading citizens of this county have been and are being cured by the wonderful medicines, in fact no medicine ever introduced in Whitesburg has ever given such amazing results for stomach, liver and kidney troubles. The worst chronic cases seem to be benefited and cured in a very short time. They are sold by Whitesburg Drug Store under a positive guarantee to cure rheumatism, biliousness, constipation, scrofula, nervous affection, dyspepsia all blood diseases, catarrh, neuralgia, kidney and liver, female complaint, indigestion, sick headache, skin diseases, pimples, coated tongues, tired feeling, poor appetite, dizziness and diseases that arise from impure blood. A 30 days' treatment only costs you 25¢. Call at once and get a treatment.

### For Magistrate

James R. Fields, of Mandrake,

is a candidate for Justice of the Peace in precinct No. 1 (Whitesburg) at the April primary. Mr.

Fields is a son of Uncle Mart

Fields and is well connected over

the precinct. He is qualified and

is a good moral citizen and will,

as we think, run well.

## LOCALS

### NEWS, GOSSIP, ETC.

#### Latest Candidates

For Jailer—Wm. Breeding.

For County Judge—Henry R. Yonts.

For Assessor—Stephen Sargent, Elbert F. Bentley.

For Magistrate—First district, J. C. Day, Jas. R. Fields.

Not in Primary—For Jailer—Charley L. Collins.

—o—

Wid, widow, widower! Yes, that's Ed!

—o—

Moses Collier, of Eolia, was here Monday.

—o—

Charlie Collins says he'll just run anyhow.

—o—

Louis Cook was here Saturday and says he has all the other boys "licked".

—o—

To-be sheriffs W. H. Potter and Sam Collins were hustling in town Monday.

—o—

Its almost two months till the primary, and yet they are warming up for votes.

—o—

Sam Collins returned from a trip thro' Knott, Pike and Floyd a few days ago.

—o—

Assessors Geo. M. Adams and Arnett Mitchell were "shoving" for votes in town.

—o—

Salesman A. A. Sargent, of the Norton Grocery Co., has been in town for a day or so.

—o—

We understand there is a new Judge a-comin'. Well, there is room for more; let him come.

—o—

Jason Cox says he is so far ahead in the jailer's race that there is no one even next to him.

—o—

St. Mathew and 'Izeekiah Everlasting,' etc., are among the stay-at-home-nights this week.

—o—

Sunday was Valentine Day. Oh, that we were in our fledgling days again—but not the fool we once were.

—o—

Several people, mostly candidates, were here Monday. It looks like they'll have to go to shaking hands with themselves.

—o—

Dry Fork Bill Williams says he is sure running, or means to run, for jailer. He says he is just waiting to see who he will have to beat.

—o—

Typhoid is again raging in the Bottom Fork section of the county. Ed, a son of Add Polly of that creek, is reported very low with this disease.

—o—

Solomon Holeomb, who expects to be the keeper of the new jail, is now somewhere in the country seeing the voters. He says he is going to the heads of branches and creeks for some of his votes.

—o—

Miss Mayne Perry, who has been here for sometime teaching music, left yesterday for her home at Big Stone Gap. Miss Perry made many friends during her stay here and all regretted to give her up.

—o—

These are the very latest to announce,

Stephen Sargent, Jr.

Elbert F. Bentley

William Breeding

Jas. R. Fields

J. C. Day

Won't someone else pin back his ears and get in the running?

—o—

The Eagle very much regrets to publish the details of the unfortunate affair on Montgomery creek in this county. Spencer and Harrison Banks were always our friends, both nice, smooth gentlemen, so far as we had opportunity to observe. Since the

readily agree with me. I have served as a deputy under our present sheriff and I don't think there is a man in the county that can say I haven't done my duty, and done it just and right. If you select me as your servant, officially speaking, I will serve you in a way that will be well pleasing to all. I earnestly solicit your whole support. I hope to get to see and talk with every voter in the county before the election in November and in the meantime, I beg to remain,  
Faithfully yours,  
Charley L. Collins!

#### Pert Paragraphs

##### By Nichonemus

When Astor and Johnny fight their mothers "lick."

—o—

Fame is the atom which struggles longest against the disintegration of time.

—o—

A baby and a dynamite are little things that can cause a lot excitement in any home.

—o—

The size of a person's head doesn't indicate wisdom. A pumpkin would require about a No. 14.

—o—

The head of the learned block-head is filled with loose lumber. After he unloads the lumber he is still a fool.

—o—

If you were to get up some morning and find the sun an hour behind time, what would you do? We'd go back to bed.

—o—

"Some men work on the square and some loaf on the corner." Yes, and some men stand on the streets and beg—people to vote for them.

—o—

So live that when age comes upon you, you will be like the mighty oak, sound at the heart, rather than like the hollow linden, rotten at the core.

—o—

There are many slips on the tree of grammar. Yes, there are even many slips 'twixt the eep and the lip; many slips 'twixt courtship and marriage.

—o—

The novelist tells us of the "kindling" eye. He says, "his eye kindled as he held her beauteous form," and after marriage she had to split the wood and kinkle the fire.

—o—

The man who was born in a log hut grew up a rail splitter and boy at all jobs, and then passed on into the Presidential chair. Indeed, there is fame at the end of every struggling boy's path.

—o—

A few days ago a newspaper man advertised for a girl and that very night the stork dropped in on him with a beautiful pair of twins. The editor, of course, just scratched his head and said, "It pays to advertise."

#### Jury List For April Court

The following are the juries for the April term of Letcher Circuit Court:

##### GRAND JURY

C M Blair W M Jenkins Sr

L D Baker Albert Meade

Henry Lewis (W. R.'s)

George Ison Arch Lucas

Dick Richardson Cam Baker

W M J Sturgill Marion Frazier

Robert Bates (black)

Henry Ratliff W W Gibson

W J P Eldridge (Mill Br.)

Isom H Dixon Bill Holbrook

Jas Roberts (Boone)

Jno S Webb M B Tolliver

##### PETIT JURY

Ben Potter (Ike's son)

Sam Combs (Montgomery)

J K Fields (Cowan)

H B Branson Jno P Morgan

Eck Combs Floyd Stamper

Eben Cook Newton Kilgore

Jno Caudill (Turkey)

J H Gibson Kelly Fields

Green Holcomb Stephen Back

John Tucker Dock Holeomb

Lee Webb (Jesse's son)

Woolver Campbell (Bull Cr.)

W M Hughes JosMcKnight

Sam Wright (Pop's son)

John Adams (Steve's son)

Elijah Warrix Shade Webb

F M Boggs Byrd Franklin

Sam Bentley (Ben's son)

Noah "

L B Tolliver Geo W Holbrook

#### Commissioner's Sales.

Henry C. Whitaker, Plff., vs.  
Betty Hampton, etc., Defts.—  
Equity.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of Letcher Circuit Court rendered at its Jan. term in above styled action I shall proceed to offer for sale to highest and best bidder at public auction at Courthouse door in Whitesburg Ky. on Mar. 1, 1909, it being the first day of the March term of Letcher Circuit Court, between the hours of 12 m. and 2 p.m. on a credit of six months the following described property towit:

Two tracts of land lying and being in the county of Letcher, on the head of Johnson fork of Smoot Creek of Kentucky river. First tract, beginning at a branch at a cross fence about 30 yards above W.W. Caudill's stable on a conditional line between said Caudill and Allen H. Whitaker, west with said line to the top of mountain, thence north with top of ridge running around head of Johnson's fork down opposite ridge to conditional line between W.W. Caudill and John W. Caudill, thence with said line to beginning, containing 180 acres, more or less. Second tract, beginning on two branches on east side of Johnson fork of Smoot creek, thence south with branch to mouth of Slick Rock Hollow, thence with and follow to outside line of Wilburn Caudill, thence south with said line to a line between W.W. Caudill and Alfred Hall, thence west with said line to outside line on other side, thence north with said line that runs to the hollow that runs down by a large rock and on down said hollow to a cross fence at upper side of orchard, thence north with said fence round down to the branch a short distance above W. W. Caudill's stable thence south with branch to beginning, containing 125 acres, more or less.

#### NOTICE!

Pursuant to a call by the Republican Co. Committee or governing authority of the Republican party of Letcher county made at a meeting of said Committee held at Whitesburg, Ky., on the 11th day of January, 1909,

##### NOTICE

Is hereby given that on Friday, April 16, 1909, between the hours of 6 a.m. and 4 p.m., a primary election will be held in the said Letcher county for the purpose of nominating Republican candidates for the offices of Circuit Court Clerk, County Judge, County Attorney, County Superintendent, County Court Clerk, Sheriff, Assessor, Surveyor, Coroner, Constable, Justice of Peace, to be voted for at the regular November election, 1909, for said offices. That for the purpose of holding said primary election a poll will be opened at the regular voting places in each and all of the voting precincts in said county on said day between said hours. Witness our hands this 21st day of January, 1909. John W. Hale, Chinin. Rep. Co. Com. Andrew J. Sturgill, See.

## A Simple Remedy

Cardui is a purely vegetable extract, a simple, non-intoxicating remedy, recommended to girls and women, of all ages, for womanly pains, irregularity, falling feelings, nervousness, weakness, and any other form of sickness, peculiar to females.

**TAKE CARDUI!**  
It Will Help You  
Mrs. A. O. Beaver, of Unicoi, Route No. 1, Marion, Tenn., writes: "I suffered with bearing-down pains, feet swelled, pain in right side, headache, pains in shoulders, nervous palpitation, and other troubles I cannot mention, but I took Wine of Cardui and have found it the best medicine I ever used, for female troubles." Try Cardui.  
AT ALL DRUG STORES

## Nw Drug Store

Fitzpatrick & Venters are now ready, in the new bank building, with a new and up-to-date line of

## DRUGS

### EVERYTHING BRAN NEW!

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

Fitzpatrick & Venters, PROPRIETORS.

SAFE AND SOUND---Editor

## UNION BANK

WHITESBURG, KY.

JAMES P. LEWIS, Pres. W. H. POTTER, Vice-Pres.

B. E. CAUDILL, Cashier. A. C. ADAMS, Asst.-Cash.

Come to our store and get something that is as good as the best. Everything in the general merchandise line.

Blair & Fields,  
WHITESBURG, KY.

## Southern Agriculturist

Nashville, Tennessee

For 40 Years the Most Instructive and Entertaining Paper for Southern Farm Families

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#### Mountain View Hotel

S. H. FIELDS, Proprietor.

Everything New & Up-to-date  
AND GETTING BETTER EVERY DAY

Rates \$1 Per Day Whitesburg, Ky.

## Wamsley's Automatic Pastor

By Frank Crane.

(Copyright, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"Yes, sir," said the short, chunky man, as he leaned back against the gorgeous upholstery of his seat in the smoking compartment of the sleeping car; "ya, sir, I know you was a preacher the minute I laid eyes on you. You can't fool J. P. Wamsley. You see, there's a peculiar air about a man that's accustomed to handle any particular line of goods. You can tell 'em all, if you'll just no-hoo—any of 'em—white-goods connector, lawyer, doctor, travelin' man, politician, railroad—every one of 'em's got his sign out, and it don't take a Sherlock Holmes to read it, neither."

"Experience, did you say? I must have had considerable experience? Well, I guess you! Didn't you avarice of my invention, Wamsley's Automatic Pastor, Selffeedin' Preacher and Lightning Caller? Say, that was the hottest schema ever. I'll tell you about it.

"You see, it's this way. I'm not a church member myself—haven't got it, you know, and all that sort of thing—I'm for religion strong, and when it comes to payin' I'm right there with the goods. My wife is a member, and a good one; in fact, she's so blama good that we average up pretty well.

"Well, one day they elected me to the board of trustees at the church; because I was the heaviest payer, I suppose. I kicked some, but don't amuse to pose as a pious individual, but usually I give in."

"I went to two or three meetin's—and say, honest, they were the fiercest things avar!"

The minister smiled knowingly.

"You're on, I see. Ain't those of fel meetin's of a church the limit? Gosh Once I want—a cold winter night—waded through snow knee-deep to a girafe—and sat there two hours,

"Then, I continued, 'that ain't all.'

There's another idea I propose, to go along with the pastor, as a sort of side line. That's tradin' stamps. Simple ain't it? Wonder why you never thought of it yourselves, don't you?"

"All you have to do is to give tradin' stamps for attendeee, and your church fills right up, and John Henry keeps 'em happy. Stamps can be redeemed at my store. So many stamp gets, say, a parlor lamp or a masterpiece of Italian art in a gilt frame; so many more draw a steam cooker or an oil stove; so many more and you have a bicycle or a hell mattress or a whatnot; and so on up to where a hell full of 'em gets an automobile.

"And then, I went on, waxin' eloquent, and leanin' the pastor against the wall, so I could put one hand in my coat and gesture with the other and make it more impressive—and then, I says, 'Just think of them other churches. We won't do a thing to 'em. That Baptist preacher thinks he's a wiz because he makes 600 calls a year. You just wait till the nigger gets to hollin'. John Henry here around town and loadin' him up with rapid-fire conversations. That Baptist gent will look like 30 cents, that's what he'll look like. And the Campbellites think they done it when they got their new pastor, with a voice like a bull's Hashan comin' down hill. Just wait till we load a few of them extra-sized records with megaphone attachment into our pastor, and gear him up to 250 words a minute, and then where, oh, where is Mister Campfieldite, as the feller says."

"I tell you when a family has a whinny in their eye they ain't goin' to let a little rain keep 'em home from church. If they're all really too sick to go, they'll hire a substitute. And I opine these here stamps will have a powerful alleviatin' effect on Sunday sickness."

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J. P. Wamsley reached for a match.

"Did they accept your offer?" asked his companion. "I am anxious to know how your plan worked. It has many points in its favor, I confess."

"No," replied J. P. Wamsley, as he meditatively puffed his cigar and seemed to be lovingly reviewing the past. "No, they didn't. I'm kind o' sorry, too. I'd like to have seen the thing tried myself. But," he added, with a slow and solemn wink, "they passed a unanimous resolution callin' back the old pastor at an increased salary."

"I should say, then, that your invention was a success."

"Well, I didn't lose out on it, anyhow. I've got John Henry rigged up with a new bunch of whiskers, and posin' in my show window at DeWitt's signin' the peace treaty, in an elegant suit of all wool at \$11.50."

"Now, I say to 'em, 'gentlemen, speaklu' o' pastors, I got one here I want to recommend. It has one advantage anyhow; it won't cost you a cent. I'll make you present of it, and also chip in, as heretofore, toward operatin' expenses.' That caught old Jake Hicks—worth a hundred thousand dollars, and a stinger's all git-out."

"Now, you stand this here, when we will call John Henry, at the door of the church as the congregation enters, havin' previously wound him up, and there he stands, turnin' around and givin' the glad hand and cheery smile, and so doth his unchangin' power display as the unweared sun from day to day, as the feller says. Nobody neglected, all pleased. You remember the last pastor wasn't reliable enough, and there was considerable complaint because he didn't bike right down after the benediction and jolly the flock as they passed out. We'll have a wire run the length of the meetin's house, with a gentle slant from the pulpit to the front door, and as soon as meetin's over, up goes John Henry and slides down to the front exit, and there he stands, gyatin' and handlin' out pleasant greeting to all—Happy Christmas and Happy New Year to heat the band."

"Now as far preachin', I continued, 'you see all you have to do is raise up the coat tails and insert a record on the phonograph concealed here in the back of the chest, with a speakin' tube runnin' up to the mouth. We can get the up-to-dateest sermons by the most distinguished divines, get somesong that's afflictid with cloctuation to say 'am' into a record, and on Sunday our friend and pastor here will read 'em off fine. You press the button—he does the rest, as the feller says.'

"How about callin' on the *Evening Post*?" inquire Andy Robison.

"Easy," says I. "Hire a buggy of Brother Jinks here, who keeps a livery stable, at one dollar per p. m. Get a bigger tochaufeur the pastor for 50 cents per same. There you are.

Let the boy he provided with an assortment of records to anit the people—pleasant and sad, consolatory and gay, encouragin' or reprovin', and so forth. The coach drives up, puts in a cartridge, sets the pastor in the door, and when the family gets through sets him out again.

"There are, say, about 300 callin' days in the year. He can easy make 18 calls a day on an average—equal 4,800 calls a year, at \$150. Of course, there's the records, but they won't cost over \$50 at the outside—you can share 'em off and use 'em over again, you know."

"But there's the personality of the pastor; somebody speaks up. It's that which attracts folks and fills the paws."

"Personality shucks!" says I. "Haven't we had personalty enough? For every man it attracts it repels two. Your last preacher was one of the best tellers that ever struck this town. He was a plum brick, and had lots of horse sense to boot. He could preach, too, like a house afra. But you kicked him out because he wasn't sociable enough. You're askin' an impossibility. No man can be a student and get up the rattlin' sermons he did, and put in his time trottin' around callin' on the sisters."

"Now, let's apply business sens to this problem. That's the way I run my store. Find out what the people want and give it to 'em, is my motto. Now, people ain't comin' to church unless there's somethin' to draw 'em. We've tried prechin', and it won't draw. They say they want sociability, so let's give it to 'em strong. They want attention paid to 'em. You turn my friend hero loose in the community, and he'll make each end every man, woman and child think they're it in less'n a month."

"Then," I continued, "that ain't all. There's another idea I propose, to go along with the pastor, as a sort of side line. That's tradin' stamps. Simple ain't it? Wonder why you never thought of it yourselves, don't you?"

"All you have to do is to give tradin' stamps for attendeee, and your church fills right up, and John Henry keeps 'em happy. Stamps can be redeemed at my store. So many stamp gets, say, a parlor lamp or a masterpiece of Italian art in a gilt frame; so many more draw a steam cooker or an oil stove; so many more and you have a bicycle or a hell mattress or a whatnot; and so on up to where a hell full of 'em gets an automobile."

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